

all. He would come up from behind one of them and stick his thumb under their upper lip and rub the gum.

(9) Uncle Lew was planning to run away from home and his parents discovered this.

(10) Grandpa's purse. Family tradition says that Grandpa always would hand his purse to someone that needed money and let them take what they needed. Dad claimed that no one ever abused this generosity and trust. Dick Marsh said that when he was back in New Zealand and raising his own family, he tried this same thing and he only did it once.

(11) Dick Marsh. When Uncle Lew returned from his mission to New Zealand he brought a ten year old Maori boy back with him. Dick grew up as part of the family until he was old enough to fill a mission. He was called to New Zealand and remained there after his mission was complete.



[1] DECORATION DAY 1945

Again we stand at Father's grave,
And there's a fresh one, too.

Pa waited more than we'd expect
Then had her pulled right through.

Just like when Lew and Joe got wed,
With foot in temple door
He held that marriage session up
To make two children four.

Just like when to the temple veil
He'd early make his way—
And then he'd always have us called,
He'd lead, then pull, then pray.

I marveled how a score of years
He waited for our Ma,
And then me thought, "A thousand years
Is as our day" so Pa

Is still a goin' on ahead
And making us a place.
He'll have us called before we wish,
To home of heavenly grace.

They seemed to need a good ward clerk,
He recommended (2) White.
The firey chariots needed greased,
(3) "Owen Ash will do them right!"

He had a plumbing job lined up,
Pearl fountain—all gold banded.
Bill lost the contract when they found
His plumbing was left-handed.

He told them (4) Lew would be a prize
To take a high position,
They nearly called him, then they thought,
"What need for a mortician?"

Thought Dad, "If I had T-Bone (5) Ace
We'd have a piece of meat
This Word of Wisdom is so strict!"
But Ace got on his feet.

He called (6) me very close to him,
He'd found a herd of deer.
But they got hep—was his face red?
And then they fixed my ear.

He's recommended some church jobs
To help out inspiration—
"My sons would make good bishops there,
Just give them each a station!"

So I got mine, then got away,
But still he kept persisting.
Then Lew got close and Roy twice.
Could Father be insisting?
He got opponents voted down
Just like in federal court,
When he made (7) smoking an offense,
And made attorneys snort.

So, "Bishop Olpin" is quite trite,
You may as well say "Red,"
Or "Pat" or "Mike," it means them all,
He's powerful, though dead.

There's Bishop Roy who laughs and talks,
And plays and wins their hearts.
And raises boys, takes temple trips,
Enthusiasm imparts.

And Bell, our conversationalist,
Is president through Dad's plea.
Her sincere interest in each friend
Brings each friend close to Bee.

And, Bishop Joseph, "He shall add,"
It should say "multiply,"
His baby's coming four next month
And Violet wonders, "Why?"

In deep respect I know he's right
In leading us his way.

When Mother died we all were shocked,
But each one said, "Okay."

I wonder who's the stronger one—
There's Lacy, who for years
Has smiled through sickness, work and death—
I've never seen her tears.

Our "Childless May," who kept our (8) babe,
Thus learning secret blest,
Is winning now in lambs and kids,
Says whiskey does it best!

Perhaps this child, with curling lip
Is best of all the clan,
We love her and her pretty brood—
Her turkey dinner plan!

(Excuse being left out of that one, Bell—
poet's privilege).

Our fickle, trifling Baby Don,
With high school average "C,"
In college "A," in sorrow "A,"
In motherhood an "E."

Ace Boulter's wife, the chain store boss,
The income tax reporter,
Who speaks and lisps and loves four boys,
Ace pounds her up to court her.

As true as gold, Em loved her man,
She also loved her church—
Apostle Richards heard her prayers
And ended Ace's search.

War widow Beth, and ditto Jean,
And G.I. Ted and Nine,
All rightly wed—I pray the first
To break this won't be mine.

(1) This was given at the graveside on Memorial Day of 1945. Grandma Inez Robison Olpin had died February 11, 1945 while crossing the street in Pleasant Grove, Utah between the homes of her son, Lewis Olpin and her daughter, Donna Ash. She was hit by a truck and killed instantly.

(2) Aunt Lacy's husband, LeGrande White, died December 4, 1938.

(3) Aunt Donna's husband, Owen Ash, died October 19, 1943. He froze to death along with two other men while they were deer hunting on Mount Timpanogos. Bill Hunter, the husband of Nina White, was the only survivor.

(4) Uncle Lew had a close call with death at the time of a stomach surgery.

(5) Uncle Ace Boulter cut his femoral artery while cutting meat.

(6) Dad's mastoid surgery.

(7) Grandpa Ed at one time objected to the smoking in the courtroom while he was on jury duty, and was successful in having a ruling made to have it banned.

(8) Aunt May and Uncle Valt had been married six years and had no children. They tended Guy and Clara while Joe and Violet went to the World's Fair in 1934 in Chicago. Shortly after this May was expecting her first child.



**A TRIBUTE TO OUR MOTHER
ON MEMORIAL DAY
HER BIRTHDAY, 1955**

Her birthday brings us here again in love
I'm asked to pay her tribute—tell you why
She lived beyond her three score years and ten—
Was it important that she live—and die?

With near a hundred carrying her blood,
Five hundred years of normal birth
Will give to her a great posterity—
More than the population of our earth.

What did she pass along to us and them?
Not sin, nor shame, nor thought of doing wrong.
Pure virtue, high ideals and love,
Bright minds she passed, and bodies clean and strong.

In music class she never got an "A,"
The symphony, the note, the sharp, the flat,
Were atom secrets, needless mysteries,
"The music of the soul" she used for that.

Right welcome with the poor and with the rich,
The haughty, wicked, tramp and trampled down.
She wore a beaten track "across the tracks,"
And helped a hundred live in "better town."

Old Granny Gardner needs her toe nails trimmed.
She needs a bath—her nails are just like wire,
And Emma must be born this week or next—
That little body never seemed to tire.

She loved her husband sweetly, without "mush,"
She loved him with a mop and frying pan,
She loved him picking cherries in the top,
She loved him—made him wonderful—her man!

If ever anyone were needing shoes,
Or mercy, or forgiveness or a meal,
Or help to play (1) Curl Dickerson was dead,
Or courage in a graduation deal—

She'd use some "Christian Science" and some faith,
She couldn't tell you how, but you would know.
Her optimism knew no sense or ends,
Her "you can do it" seemed to make it so.

We called her "Ma" through all our tender years,
(She never even weighed a hundred pounds)
But we leaned on her, always, by the ton,
Her power to help, and will to, knew no bounds.

A stingy family used to come our way
To test her hospitality, I guess—
Her hospitality was genuine,
She'd feed and do their dishes, God would bless.

And Dad could bring a dozen home to eat,
Or ten could drop around to say "Hello,"

And then she'd fix a "snack" that meant a feast,
"Go feed their horses," Dad would say to Joe.

"That kitchen cupboard needs a coat of paint—
That bit left over from the barn last year,
A little vinegar and axel grease."
"Why, Ine! You know, your cupboard is a dear."

It's half an hour 'til dinner and the "gang"—
I guess I'll house clean down the cellar, near—
That's Old Doll's trot, they're coming home from (2) Pete's,
They're in the lane! They're in the yard! They're here!

Dear table, come now, rattle good and loud,
They mustn't guess—"Of course I'm ready now,"
Sweet mystery of life she always was,
But no one ever figured why or how.

Her "cherry picking record" still must stand.
No time to eat, each hand seemed made apart,
Just like a great piano player's hands,
"The ground will catch me," and it did its part.

A little "preachy" when she said the prayer,
But never, ever preachy like a pest,
Her sermons were the ones we saw and felt,
The ones we live when we are at our best.

She had no fear at all of man or beast,
Or elements, catastrophies or sin,
Why, when our Dad would be afraid of dogs
She'd leave the buggy and she'd go right in.

Some people come and say, "What can I do?"
She took one look and then she pitched right to—
Old jackets, dresses, aprons, socks and shirts
Were patched and darned and mended, good as new.

To sleep with kids is punishment for sin—
All elbows, fists and feet, and noise and fight.
But she, I do believe, still thought it fun.
She asked for it, and got it every night.



They loved to hear her stories of the (3) "mouse,"
And Santa Claus made up to be a ghost.
Her little pinch was fun—she'd pinch and say
"Stick in the mud," I'm sure they loved her most.

I haven't time to tell of (4) mountain trips,
Of "breakfast," of her (5) sulphur or the Cave,
Of earache cure or pretty Tyrol Lake,
Or deer hunt days, Sweet Mother—how she gave.

The selfless service scripture talks about
To all she knew, and all she ever saw.
To children, aunts and uncles, cousins, friends,
And, most of all, and always, to our Pa.

I'll bet right now she's working fast and hard
At polishing and scrubbing up the throne,
And putting gussets in Dad's cap and robe,
And, after evening working hours, her own.

If I were told I had one day to live,
I couldn't try to choose a better plan
Than just to follow her last day on earth,
To serve my God and serve my fellow man.

She died, as she had lived, upon the run.

With Dad, I hope, she listens as we weep,
Not tears of sorrow, but our tears of joy,
Our promise—our sweet heritage we'll keep.

Dear Father, for our parents we give thanks.
Our hearts are full, our love and hope is sweet.
The gospel means to us just what they taught.
Please help us live it, help us gladly meet.



(1) At one time when the older girls were away at college, Joe and Lew set up a dummy in the living room as though it were Curl Dickerson (a bald-headed man in town who was never without his hat). When the girls got home for the weekend they were really upset to think they had put a body in the living room. Grandma was aware of what they were doing, and went along with the joke. They were delighted with the good response they received from their efforts.

(2) Pete was a man they bought the orchard from, so the orchard was always called "Pete's."

(3) One of the favorite stories was about a mouse that was running on the floor in church. Everyone else screamed and jumped on chairs and Grandma Ine remained standing. The